

Bristol's Dyspeptic Pig

Story of an Up to Date Farmer

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The sun shone down on Frank Bristol's model farm, but there was no sunshine in the heart of its owner, nor did there appear to be gladness in the soul of the owner's pig. That stout, black bristled beast lay inertly on a bed of clean straw against the clean wall of its scientifically built cement pen.

The model farmer sat on the top of the cement wall watching his black pig with anxious eyes. The pig had been lying there since morning, scarcely noticing the trough full of sweet milk and potato parings that Bristol's housekeeper had reluctantly placed there.

"Sweet milk's too good for pigs, Mr. Bristol," Ann Dangler had said as sharply as she dared.

"Sweet food makes sweet pork," replied the model farmer coolly, and Ann had tossed her head and returned to her kitchen to bang the pots and kettles about.

"It looks as if it was going to make dead pork this time," she grumbled.

Quite regardless of Ann Dangler's opinions, Frank Bristol continued to sit on the wall of his pigpen and contemplate the prostrate form of his solitary occupant. He was a handsome pig, sleek and clean, as befitted a pig living in a scientifically built and clean pigpen. But he was ailing. "For two days he had moped around the pen and refused to eat of the delicious food set forth by the highly scandalized housekeeper.

"It's indigestion," concluded the model farmer, again consulting the farm manual issued by his alma mater—the agricultural college he attended. "This book says to 'compel the animal to take exercise—prod it with a stick until it runs violently around its inclosure. This mode of treatment, combined with a feeding of thin gruel, formed of two parts of white cornmeal to one part of skim milk, will soon restore the pig to normal health.' Huh! I guess I'll go and tell Ann to make the gruel."

"Make gruel for a sick pig—never!" cried Ann Dangler when Mr. Bristol mildly made this suggestion, waving the farm manual as authority.

"Why not, Ann?"

"Because it's all nonsense. Leave him alone, Mr. Bristol, and he'll be all right. He's too clean to be real healthy. Why, pigs have been raised for years and years in all kinds of pens, and I never heard of one being sick before. This one's took cold from your turning the hose on him the other day."

"If you'd have the gruel ready at 4 o'clock I'll come in for it," was Mr. Bristol's reply to this pointed harangue.

When she was alone Ann Dangler meekly stirred the fire and set on a kettle of skimmed milk. That was always the way these arguments with Frank Bristol ended. It was apparent that there was room for only one "boss" on the model farm.

Meanwhile Bristol had provided himself with the necessary prod in the shape of a boathook and had made his way to the pigpen.

The animal was breathing heavily, now and then grunting a bass note. Frank Bristol opened the patent gate and stepped inside, closing the gate behind him. He went up behind the unsuspecting porker and prodded him gently with the sharp end of the boathook.

With an astonished squeal the pig bounded from his bed and ran to the farther corner of the pen.

"What are you doing in there?" demanded a nasal voice.

Bristol turned around. "Ah, Mr. Daley, how are you today?"

"Pretty fair. Don't seem to be nothing the matter with your pig."

"I'm forcing him to take a little exercise," said Bristol, once more prodding the pig with the boathook and sidestepping as the animal raced around the pen. "He's got a bad case of indigestion, and I'm trying to cure it."

Ben Daley opened a capacious mouth and roared. "Who ever heard of a pig having indigestion?" he questioned between roars. "If he's really sick, Mr. Bristol, you better make him up a mess of hog kenneled and make him drink it. That'll do him more good than running around like that. Haws weren't created to take violent exercise. Taint their natur' so to do."

"This one seems to take to it—pretty—naturally," puffed Bristol, as he dodged to and fro, getting in jabs at the infuriated pig.

"You snick my words, young man, you'll hear that there pig chasing you before long!" was Ben Daley's ominous parting word.

Frank Bristol had realized this already. Whatever had been the matter with his pig, the animal had appeared to have recovered from the malady with unexpected rapidity and, try as he might, the model farmer could not escape from the path of the charging beast long enough to unfasten the patent gate and get out of the pen.

Now and then the race around the inclosure reached a stage when Frank Bristol was in pursuit of the pig, but

but was never able to catch the little Once Frank turned and yelled "Shoo!" at the pig just as a woman would have done, but the pig only dropped his snout to the ground and charged at him.

"I wish—I hadn't made this wall—quite so high!" panted Frank Bristol as he dodged a sudden feat of the pig and was finally compelled to jump clear over the animal.

"I wish—A Ann Dangler—would bring-out that gruel!" he said later, as he stumbled over the trough and arose with one hand dripping with milk. This time the pig merely reached him. He managed to jab again at the pig, and the pig stopped in front of the patent gate to take stock of his wounds and grunt defiance at his owner. It was at that moment Frank heard voices outside the high stone wall of the pigpen.

One voice was the shrill utterance of Ann Dangler; the other voice belonged to the girl but for whom he had never become a farmer. He had once been engaged to Violet Sloan, but Violet's lovely autumn head had been turned by the worship of a dozen other admirers, and they had quarreled, and Frank had closed up his real estate of deer and taken to scientific farming. "Getting next to nature," was one way of describing the case.

"He's in the pigpen most likely," Ann Dangler was saying in a hostile voice.

"Pigpen?" shrieked Violet Sloan's accents. "What on earth is he doing in such a filthy place?"

"Filthy?" returned Ann Dangler. "I guess you never see a pigpen that wasn't filthy except this one. Taint natural for a pig to live so clean, say. Why, Mr. Bristol even turns the hose on him once a week, and that's what's the matter now. The pig has caught cold from being too clean."

"Nonsense," returned Violet. "Who ever heard of any one thriving in dirt? If Frank must raise pigs I'm glad they are nice clean pigs in a cement pigpen."

"Humph!" was Ann's reply as she followed the daintily dressed girl to the cement wall.

"Ah, here is a gate! Shall we go and look inside?" asked Violet, and without waiting for Ann's reply she moved toward the patent gate, Ann trotting close behind. The sight that met their eyes closed them to the patent gate.

Around and around the circular pen raced the weary form of the model farmer. Behind him trotted with dogged persistency the dyspeptic pig. Whenever Bristol showed a tendency to slacken his gait the pig grunted and cantered faster.

Once the pig darted into the covered sleeping pen, and Bristol shot to the door and endeavored to roll the sliding portal to its place, but in vain. It stuck, and ere Bristol could move it the pig dashed out again, shooting the model farmer to an ignominious position on the straw of the pen.

Thoroughly angry, Bristol swung the boathook at the beast only to have the slippery handle slide through his hands to the far side of the pen.

Now he was without a weapon. Then the pig charged him again, grunting angrily.

He did not dare look at the gate, though he was conscious of feminine forms standing there. He was too excited to wonder what Violet Sloan was doing there. He was mentally composing a letter to be written to the author of the article in the farm manual on "Dyspepsia in Pigs." In this imaginary letter there were many underlined words and countless exclamations and innumerable interrogations.

He was still doing this humiliating marathon around the scientifically built pigpen when he heard an indignant cry from Ann Dangler. From the corner of his eye, as he ran ahead of the pig, he saw Violet Sloan snatch Ann Dangler's pink sunbonnet from her tow colored head, saw Violet's little form slip inside the patent gate, saw her intercept the pig with one dash of the pink bonnet and witness an instant later that animal rushing to the far side of the inclosure with frightened squeals, while the pink sunbonnet was tied over his snout and eyes.

"Hurry through—dear!" cried Violet Sloan, holding the gate open for her one time lover to escape.

As the gate slammed behind them Ann Dangler flounced toward the house, her sunbonnetless head held high in the air—a very model of scandalized virtue.

"Dear!" she sniffed contemptuously as she rocked to and fro in the calico covered kitchen rocker. "Call him 'dear'—a man I wouldn't look at twice! I wonder who she is?"

At that instant Mr. Bristol appeared at the door, leading Violet Sloan by the hand. They both looked very happy. "I suppose you wonder who this lady is, Ann Dangler," remarked Bristol pleasantly. "This is now Miss Sloan. Later on she will be Mrs. Bristol and the boss of the model farm."

"But no more dyspeptic pigs," said Violet decisively. "Poor Frank has run off all the flesh he gained by being in the country here, and the pig is dead—dead as a doornail!"

And the local veterinarian declared that the pig died of acute dyspepsia, induced by too violent exercise after eating.

Ann Dangler insisted that it was because the pig was too scientifically clean.

Ben Daley said it must have been the way the wind was.

Violet Sloan and Frank Bristol—and they were the only two whose opinion on the subject mattered, as the pig was dead—did not say a word. They had not heard anything except their own voices discussing the wedding details.



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C. A. WOOLSEY, Local Agent.

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Montclair, N. J.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Assessment have filed with the Town Clerk their official reports, maps and assessments of the whole costs and expenses in the matter of the following improvements, and the same are now open to the inspection of those interested:

Sanitary sewer in Crown street, Lake street and Roosevelt avenue.
Berkeley avenue, bi-lateral sidewalk (Newark avenue to Montgomery street).
Ashland avenue, bi-lateral walk, east side.
Ashland avenue, bi-lateral walk, east side.
Berkeley avenue, bi-lateral curb.
Notice is also given that the Bloomfield Town Council at a regular meeting held January 21, 1912, did fix and determine Monday evening, February 12, 1912, at eight o'clock, at the Bloomfield Council Chamber, National Bank Building, Bloomfield, as the time and place when and where said Council will meet to consider any objections which may be filed in writing to the aforesaid reports, maps and assessments.

By order of the Town Council.
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

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ORDINANCE.

An ordinance to amend an ordinance, entitled "An ordinance to regulate and control the fire department of the Town of Bloomfield," adopted March 12, 1909.

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, as follows:

That Section 15 of the ordinance of which this ordinance is amendatory be and the same be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 15. Hereafter no Truck Company organized shall consist of more than twenty-five men; nor shall any Hose Company organized consist of more than twenty-five men.

Ordinance adopted January 15th, 1912.

WILLIAM HAUSER,
Mayor of the Town of Bloomfield.

Attest:
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

ESTATE OF GEORGE PETER.

son, deceased.
Pursuant to the order of ISAAC SHOENFELD, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned, under oath or affirmation, their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM HAUSER,
Major of the Town of Bloomfield.

Attest:
RAYMOND F. DAVIS,
Town Clerk.

Notice of Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the estate of the subscriber, the executor of Sarah D. Stubbart, deceased, who was the administratrix of Mary Frances Poole, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex on Friday, the first day of January next.

ADDITION H. HARTLINE,
Dated November 21, 1911.

Safe Deposit Boxes.

You are invited to call and inspect our Safe Deposit Boxes in our Burglar and Fire Proof Vaults. Boxes to rent at \$4.00 per annum. The Bloomfield National Bank—Atty.

STEERING A BOAT.

The Rig of the Tiller Ropes Often a Source of Danger.

A CURIOUS LACK OF SYSTEM.

On Some Vessels the Chains Are Crossed, and on Others They Are Straight, and This May Mean Serious Trouble With a Strange Hand at the Wheel.

A bronzed pilot was carefully nursing a big Atlantic liner through the murky and confusing of early morning and innumerable passing craft up the crowded waters of New York bay. The ship was crowded with passengers, most of whom had risen betimes to watch their homelands. A tense expression, brought on by the tremendous responsibility, cast its grim lines over the pilot's face as he turned into the lower Hudson river and saw a dense fogbank creeping down from the Palisades. Three miles still to go, and 3,000 lives in his hands! Slowly he crept along, almost touching a ferry load of commuters, just skipping a triple tow of sand scows, threading his way through the maze of vessels to watch their homelands. A tense expression, brought on by the tremendous responsibility, cast its grim lines over the pilot's face as he turned into the lower Hudson river and saw a dense fogbank creeping down from the Palisades. Three miles still to go, and 3,000 lives in his hands! 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